

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 54.—No. 32.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1876.

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THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—PROMENADE

CONCERTS (under the Direction of Messrs A. & S. GATTI).—To-Night and Every Evening till further notice. Vocalists—Mdlles Bianchi and Rosavella, Mdlme Fernandez Bentham; Signori Gianini and Medica. Pianist—M. Henri Ketten. Cornet & Pistons—Mr Howard Reynolds. Principal Instrumentalists—Mr Burnett (Leader), Viotti Collins, Val Nicholson, Hann, E. Ould, C. Ould, Svendsen, Lazarus, Tyler, C. Harper, Horton, Wotton, Harvey, Lockwood, and Hughes. First performance of new Grand Selection from Wagner's, "Tannhauser," new Grand Valse, "Les belles Viennoises," for Full Orchestra and Military Band (composed and arranged expressly for these Concerts by Arditi); Adagio e Scherzo from Liszt's 4th Concerto Sinfonico; Overtures to "Euryanthe" and "Semiramide"; "Page's Song" (Arditi), &c., &c.

Band of 100 Performers, composed of the élite of the musical profession. Band of the Coldstream Guards (F. Godfrey).

First Classical Night, Wednesday next. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

The London Vocal Union (under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker) will make their first appearance on Thursday next, August 10.

Madame Rose Hersee and Herr Wilhelm will appear in September.

Decorations entirely new (by Dayes & Caney), *à propos* of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' visit to India. Fountains by Dick Radclyffe & Co. Perfect Ventilation.

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Manager—Mr J. RUSSELL.

"THE MARINER."

MR J. H. SNAZELLE will sing DIEHL's popular Song, "THE MARINER," on Monday, August 7, and Saturday, August 12, at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.

"THE HUNTER."

MR J. H. SNAZELLE will sing REYLOFF's new Song, "THE HUNTER," at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, on Monday, August 7, and Thursday, August 10.

"THE PAGE'S SONG."

MDLLE BIANCHI will sing the new and admired Song, "THE PAGE'S SONG," composed by Signor ARDITI, at the Promenade Concert, Covent Garden Theatre, This Evening.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL's admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Art Treasures Exhibition Concert, Wrexham, August 12.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE PERREN will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Westminster Aquarium Concert, August 10.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—ORGANIST.—Applications, accompanied by Testimonials, respecting the post of Organist, may be addressed to Mr GEORGE MOUNT, on or before August 11.

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M. W. BALFE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all Managers of Concerts, Operatic Artists, and others concerned, that Mdlme Balfé, as the Widow and Executrix of the late M. W. Balfé, has resolved henceforth (by arrangement with the Dramatic Authors' Society) to charge NO FEES for the execution of Single Songs or Selections from his Operatic Works, when given in Concerts, and not performed on the Stage, dating from June 1, 1876.

MR EDWARD LLOYD sang the celebrated "ROSE SONG" ("CANDIDO FIORE"), from BALFE's Opera, "IL TALISMANO," at the BALFE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday last.

London: DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, W.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON sang "PLACIDA NOTTE" ("EDITH'S PRAYER"), from BALFE's Opera, "IL TALISMANO," at the BALFE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday last.

London: DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, W.

MADAME MARIE ROZE sang "LA GUERRA APPENA" ("BENEATH A PORTAL"), from BALFE's Opera, "IL TALISMANO," at the BALFE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday last.

London: DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, W.

MR MAYBRICK sang "THE WAR SONG" ("MONARCH SUPREME"), from BALFE's Opera, "IL TALISMANO," at the BALFE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday last.

London: DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, W.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON and MR EDWARD LLOYD sang the Grand Duet, "TECO IL SERBA" ("KEEP THE RING"), from BALFE's Opera, "IL TALISMANO," at the BALFE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday last.

London: DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, W.

MRS OSGOOD begs to request that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts be addressed to 9, St Luke's Road, Westbourne Park, W.

MR R. HILTON (Bass), Westminster Abbey, begs to announce his CHANGE of RESIDENCE. All Communications relating to Oratorio or Concert Engagements should be addressed—Ribble Dale Villa, Union Road, Clapham, S.W.

MR VALENTINE FABRINI begs to intimate that all Communications regarding Oratorios, Concerts, &c., be addressed to his New Residence, 1, Dynevor Villas, Richmond, S.W., instead of 13, Queen Square, W.C.

MADAME MARIE BELVAL (Contralto) requests all Communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, and Lessons, be addressed to her residence, 7, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.; or care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR CHAS. ABERCROMBIE (Tenor) begs to announce that he has arrived in Town for the Season. All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., to be addressed, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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The Wild, White Rose.
A boatman's life for me.
My Lily.
Sing, dearest, sing.
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Returning Thanks.

** WE have to express our obligations to Sig. Ricordi, of Milan, and to Mr Dexter Smith, of Boston (U.S.), for recent favours. The former has honoured us by copying our cartoon of Mr Carl Rosa, conducting in the orchestra; the latter, equally so, by appropriating our cartoon of Mr Jefferson, in his celebrated part of Rip Van Winkle. Neither Sig. Ricordi, of Milan, nor Mr Dexter Smith, of Boston, has stated that these cartoons originally appeared in the *Musical World*, or that they were due to the masterly pencil of Mr Charles Lyall, who, nevertheless has visited both Italy and America.

Apparition of Mr Ap'Button.

DR SHOE'S Laboratory.

DR SHOE (*solus*).—I can't stir in this matter till I am admonished. I have no opinion myself. However, I'll write to D. Peters, who has an opinion (*commences writing*). "Dear Dishley,—Are you not sending out the wrong men? I have no opinion myself, but"—(*stops writing*)—It's very close—(*opens window*). How dark it looks outside! I don't see the river. Why, there's nothing but clouds, and I don't see the clouds. The clouds and river are one, and I don't see the one. What's o'clock, I wonder? (*consults watch*). Half-past eleven! I always dread this half-hour. At midnight I have visions of Ap'Button (*lightning*). A storm's coming on. I hope Ap'Button's not coming on, too (*thunder*). Shut up. I can't bear lightning (*closes window*). Now to end my letter (*writes*):—"But you have an opinion, and you send the wrong people to Bayreuth to express it. The weather's murky, and it's just possible that Mr Ap'Button (*lightning*) may have something"—both the lightning! I'll close shutters (*closes shutters*)—"that Mr Ap'Button (*thunder*) may have something to communicate. I have no opinion; but he entertains a strong opinion; not that I have an opinion of his strong opinion, only he is our Wotan, and his coil an appendage as formidable as the speere of Wodin, or the sword of Sigurd. Now, as his penholder, what time he, the One-eyed Wanderer, closing his left eye when he opens the right, and *vice versa*, encircled in clouds as Brinnhilde in flames, roams to and fro in the world, redressing wrongs, I am compelled—as penholder, I say—to await his behests. I have no opinion, but" (*a church clock strikes the third quarter*)—a quarter to twelve, by the coil of Ap'Button! (*lightning—thunder*). That clock's fast. Shutters don't keep out lightning. I'll adjust red curtains (*adjusts red curtains*). My letter will never be finished (*verites*).—"But that's of small immediate moment; it is hardly to be doubted" (*door bell rings*). Who comes at this lapse?

Enter MUMBO and JUMBO.



DR SHOE.—Aha! old 'osses, why so late?
MUMBO.—Massa! dere hab been shindies.
JUMBO.—Yes, massa!
DR SHOE (*sharply*).—What shindies, ye addle-pated niggers?
MUMBO.—Bout Massa Nose and Massa Pullit—
JUMBO.—Massa Nose hab no more tin.
MUMBO.—Massa Pullit hab nebbber no tin.
JUMBO.—Dey kick 'em bot' out.
MUMBO.—Massa Spider him gobble up Massa Fly.
JUMBO.—Massa Demon him fry Massa Fish.
MUMBO.—Massa Leach him bleed Massa Blood till him kick de bucket.

MUMBO and JUMBO.—Massa Peters him bery angry.
DR SHOE (*aside*).—I said wrong people had been sent (*church clock strikes midnight*). That clock's fast. I hope Ap'Button—(*lightning—thunder*)—wont appear just now (*shivering*). Oh! oh!
(Ap'Button—gliding through the red curtains, forehead enveloped in clouds—hovers over Dr Shoe).



MUMBO and JUMBO.—O Jingo Gollowalla! [*Exeunt.*]
DR SHOE (*prostrate and trembling*).—I saw thine ears first, Master! What cheer?
Ap'Button.—Shoe!
DR SHOE.—What wouldst thou, Master?
Ap'Button.—I queathed to thee my pen. How hast thou wielded it?
DR SHOE.—As a mere earth-worm writhing at thy feet.
Ap'Button.—Thou hast not wielded it. Thou hast lain it by. Where is mine ink that I did queathe thee?
DR SHOE.—It's run out. I have none left.
Ap'Button.—Puncture thine arm with my pen. Thou shalt bleed freely a bottle full. Use thereof to write as I shall apprise thee.
DR SHOE (*wincing*).—Mine arm is punctured, Master, and thy bottle filled.

Ap'Mutton (*with a grim air of satisfaction*).—Thou art a poor ass, Shoe; but I pity thee. Thou wast long a right-foot shoe to me, in my mortal quarters at the King and Beard. Since I appeared to thee, toward the Ides of March, in the matter of Allebara, whom, cowardly, thou didst abandon to the fish-like envy of curmudgeons—

DR SHOE.—Why fish-like, Master?

(*Lightning. Thunder.*)

Ap'Mutton (*angrily lashing his coil*).—Ha! ha! thou beard'st me, bastard shrimp, Hagen of Hagens?

DR SHOE (*terrified*).—Oh! oh! forgive, I pray! Lash not thy coil! (*falls into shoe.*)

(*Lightning—Thunder.*)

Ap'Mutton (*appeased*).—Let me proceed. Rise from thy shoe. (*DR SHOE rises.*) Since I have wandered to thee I have wandered far and wide. I have crossed the rainbow to Walhalla; I have descended the cleft to the cavern of Alberich; I have invaded the bed of the Rhine, and have seen the Rhine-maids three. Woglinde, ahem!—Wellgunde, Ahem! ahem!—Flosshilde, Ahem! ahem! ahem! (*jocularly*) Wallala weiala weia! Alberich was a zebra. He knew not how to court them, especially Flosshilde; but I—heu! heu!—(*shaking sides, and bursting into immoderate laughter*)—ho! ho!—(*holding sides, and lashing coil.*)

(*Lightning—Thunder.*)

DR SHOE (*trembling*).—Master! Master! Lash not thy coil!

Ap'Mutton (*fiercely*).—I will lash it around thee as the Norns in Götterdämmerung spin the rope round the rock and the fir tree. (*sings*)—

"But my coil shall not break,
Like their rope, in the middle."

(*Lightning—Thunder.*)

(*resuming*).—Interrupt me not. I have seen also the Norns, and been down to the cave of the all-sleeping Erda. From them have I the runes, of which Brünnhilde wotted, and which were carved in the speere of Wotan. (*sings*)—

"The Tarnkappe, too, shall I get,
But of the Ring despair,"—

unless, perchance, Flosshilde, fairest of all! (*Winks.*) What a fool was Siegfried not to give Flosshilde the ring, of which he knew not the runes! (*sings*)—

"Why courted the speere of Wotan,
Who knew not the power of the Ring?"

DR SHOE.—That, Master, I presume, was the cause.

Ap'Mutton.—Interrupt me not.

DR SHOE.—Pardon, but thy worm dares to remind thee that thou art discursive.

Ap'Mutton.—Perhaps so; it was Flosshilde, that divinest aquatic! Could I be mortal, I would be Siegfried. But I am consoled; for Flosshilde also dies not. From her I will obtain the Ring, and with that Ring immortally wed her. Lovely Flosshilde! (*weeps*). Was Swanhilde fairest of women born? Sigurd had Gudrun; but Gunnar had Brynhild; and Brynhild loved Sigurd, for she first plight troth with him on the mountain. Sigurd went through the fire, of which Gunnar was afeard, and so won her for Gunnar, although he had plighted troth on the mountain. At that time Sigurd was King of the Hun-folk. And he was slain by Gutterm, brother of Gunnar. And Sigurd was Siegfried. And Gunnar was Gunther. But Gutterm was not Hagen. Brynhild, daughter of Budli, was Brünnhilde, daughter of Wotan, and chief of the Shield-maidens—the Walküre. But who was Sinfjotli, son of Sigmund, son of Volsung-Wotan? Who but Siegmund, who had Signy to wife. And Signy was Sieglinde!

DR SHOE.—Master, I cannot follow. Thou ravest; thou art possessed of Niblungs.

Ap'Mutton.—And Andvari who had the Ring was Alberich who had the Ring, with which, when I re-visit Walhalla, I shall wed Flosshilde. And—

DR SHOE.—And Mrs Ap'Mutton?

Ap'Mutton.—She shall be called Fricka. I will have Flosshilde to wife. Heiala weia! Without apples she is worthier than Freia with apples.

DR SHOE.—Master! thou art mystic and conjunctive. Thy pre-announcements, I beg.

Ap'Mutton (*as suddenly awakened from a dream*).—Let Dishley Peters be superseded in the chair. Be chesm!—an edict! This matter of Bayreuth—a serious matter—must be set forth gravely and yet with dispatch. No more bye-words. Dismiss also his son, Spoonley;

and let Serpent and Ghost stand (they cannot sit) in the place of honour. An edict! Tremble, and obey!

[A tempest. Ap'Mutton is carried off in a whirlwind. DR SHOE sinks into shoe. Church clock strikes one. Bump at the door—two bumps—three bumps.]

DR SHOE.—Who is't at this hour? (*opens door.*)

The Head of PLOVER BENWELL floats in.



DR SHOE.—Head of Plover Benwell, where are thy extremes?

HEAD OF BENWELL.—*In extremis.* I have pledged them. Look on the mat outside; you will find a letter.

DR SHOE (*looks out and picks up letter*).—Then dost thou of what d'ye call 'ems need none.

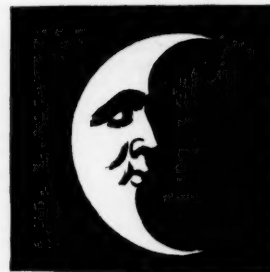
HEAD OF BENWELL.—Read the letter.

DR SHOE.—Turn round and let me see thy face.

(*Clouds disperse. Storm abates.*)

HEAD OF BENWELL.—Damon and Pythias! Nisus and Euryalus! Orestes and Pylades! Castor and Pollux! Siamese twins! What now? I have no face. I am like Moon.

(*Storm abates. MOON seen through red curtain.*)



MOON.—Thou liest!

HEAD OF BENWELL.—One never sees t'other side of thee at a seven. Thou art ashamed to show it. Read the letter, Shoe. Moon wont object.

DR SHOE.—So (*reads*)—so.

To the Editor of the ———

Sir,—From a retired country village in a foreign land I send you this appeal, which must surely find an echo among some of your readers. By a chance—it matters not what—I have received for several months past a weekly copy of the ——— intended for some one else. I always read it, not because its musical news is so full and complete (most of this portion of the contents having already reached me, usually, from other sources), but because it is the only English print attainable. Now, I ask you, is it right, is it just that a paper, whose duty it is to be harmonious, instructive, and intelligent, should be made the means of driving its readers into an early grave, or a premature lunatic asylum? To call eminent pianists and musicians by their Christian names is witty; to make one person with a comic name observe "O by Abbs," and another ditto ditto reply, "O by Adnan," is droll in the extreme; for one man to ask another if he is going to Bayreuth, and receive an affirmative answer, is a form of repartee enough to split the sides with laughter; to make pointless observations concerning the Wagner Festival, when many fair jokes and sarcasms lie ready to hand—all this is highly diverting (though lowering to the dignity of a ——— paper, one would think), and does not lose any of its facetiousness by a repetition extending over a period of many months—all—all this I fully grant. But there are bounds. Last week more than three whole valuable pages of the ——— were filled with a dialogue, marked (oh horror!) to be continued—in which, after many weary hours of patient study, I have utterly failed to discover a trace of meaning, a gleam of sense, or a spark of humour. This has preyed upon my mind. In the lonely retreat in which I am living this hopeless, this ghastly effusion persistently haunts and oppresses my brain; my nights are nights of

agony; my days, days of terror; myriads of meaningless monsters hover before my mental vision, and music flies from my soul. I feel the horrors of delirium tremens—my reason totters on its throne, and, unless some antidote be quickly found, I shall just get up and kill some one.

It has been well said that "any fool can write nonsense, but it takes a very clever man to write good nonsense." Some one among your contributors is, to put it delicately, not a very clever man. Compare the delightful "Jabberwocky" or "The Walrus and the Carpenter," for instance—poems which produce a feeling of refreshing mental relaxation—with the doggerel rhymes occasionally put forth in your columns, which perplex and bewilder the brain to no purpose, and excite in the reader a thirst for the blood of the miscreant writer, and then ask yourself, sir, as I ask you, earnestly, now, if it is right that a newspaper with a high public duty to perform—that of collecting all the items of — news in London every week from the other papers—should thus employ its space to wreck the reason of its readers. That there can be found such an unutterably inspired idiot as writes the one—I know there is only one, though his signatures are various—who writes these things is a matter for wonder, but that there can be found an editor who will inflict them on a trusting public is a matter for grief and gentle remonstrance. So after several days of mental torment, I have said to myself: "This thing is played out. I will get up and write to the editor, and if he is human, if this man has left him even so little intellect as he has left me, he will be moved by my pangs, and hearken to my voice, which implores him in the interests of reason, of sanity, of his suffering fellow-creatures, to destroy (with as little pain as may be, for I am not vindictive) the life of this wanton—this reckless and inhuman waster of our brains. Let him die, that we may live; there is no other alternative."—I am, sir, yours earnestly, F. C. Herrenalb, July 27th, 1876.

HEAD OF BENWELL.—Behold! This is gratitude! Gratitude from one who bideeth at Herrenalb (1); who hath received (and appropriated) for months past a paper intended for somebody else (2); who always readeth that paper (3); though he knoweth the contents in advance (4); because it is the only English print he can obtain at Herrenalb (5); who admitteth that it is highly diverting (6); also that its pages are valuable (7); that he giveth to it many hours of patient study (8); that it preyeth upon his mind (9); that it haunteth his brain (10); that he hath delirium tremens (11); that his reason tottereth (12); that he thirsteth for the blood of a miscreant (13); that a writer in the paper is unutterably inspired (14); that this writer is only one, though he hath many signatures (15); that, in fact, there is little else to do at Herrenalb but read that paper. Behold gratitude! This is gratitude! I will find out the individual whose copy "F. C.," of Herrenalb—formerly of Cologne, I believe—appropriateth and enjoyeth. That individual shall claim his own. O by Abbs! True, "any fool can write nonsense" (16)—at Herrenalb. I shall read "Jabberwocky." Is the door open?

DR SHOE.—Wide.

Head of PLOVER BENWELL floats out. MOON vanishes.

DR SHOE (solus).—He should "just get up and kill some one" (17). Oh!—but I must finish my letter (takes up pen). Red ink, by Adnan! (sinks into shoe). Where did I leave off? By Abbs! I forget (falls asleep and dreams).

TAMBERLIK'S VOICE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I should feel obliged if you would inform me in your columns if Signor Tamberlik's voice is a *tenore leggiero* or a *tenore robusto*.—I am, sir, yours,

A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.

[Certainly not a *tenore leggiero*.—D. P.]

WIESBADEN.—An interesting concert was given on the 28th of July at the principal Protestant church by Herr Adolph Wald, the talented organist, who was assisted by Fräulein Amalia Kling, Herr Jules de Swert (violinocello), and Herren Gustav and Anton Arnold (harp). The concert opened with Mendelssohn's sonata for organ (in F minor), in which the lovely *adagio* (in A flat) and the grand *finale* (in F minor) were particularly effective. Fräulein Kling sang with taste and expression two sacred songs by Beethoven, also an *aria* by S. Bach, with violinocello *obbligato*, and an *aria* from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Herr A. Arnold, from Frankfort, was deservedly admired in a harp solo, entitled, "Meditation," by C. Oberthür, and also in a romance by the same composer, arranged for two harps, in which he was assisted by his father—the Royal Chamber musician—Herr Gustav Arnold. Herr Jules de Swert, who is a great favourite here, played with success an *aria* for violinocello and organ, and an *adagio religioso* for violinocello and organ of his own composition, which was much admired. Herr Wald's fine organ playing was thoroughly appreciated. He introduced a *toccata* by A. Hesse, and an arrangement of the prayer from *Der Freischütz* by Fr. Lux. The concert gave general satisfaction.

ANTWERP FESTIVAL.

(From a Correspondent.)

I enclose the programme of a grand musical festival to be held in this city on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of August. The festival forms one of a series held in either Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, or Liège, and, like the preceding ones, is under the pecuniary patronage of the Government and the municipal and provincial Councils. The last was held in Ghent in 1875, the previous one in Brussels in 1869. The Antwerp festival, however, bears more of a national character than any of its companions, for, with the exception of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Bach's *Cantata*, and the "Wedding March and Chorus," from *Lohengrin*, all the works are by Belgian composers. There will be about 900 performers, viz.: 750 voices and an orchestra of 150 instruments. The concert-hall of the Société Royale d'Harmonie, in which the festival will be given, is capable of seating 3,000 people. The rehearsals take place daily, and are well attended. You will do service in a good cause by giving this musical festival further publicity through the columns of the *Musical World*. I append the programme:—

Programme of the Festival (conductor, Peter Benoit):—

First Day (August 13).—Overture of the Opera *Hamlet*, Alex. Stadtfeld; *De Levenstijden*, poëme d'Emanuel Hiel (1re partie), Willem de Mol; Fantaisie-overture No. 2 des Fragments symphoniques, Théod. Radoux; IXe Symphonie avec chœur final "An die Freude" (Schiller), Lod. van Beethoven.

Second Day (August 14).—Wir danken dir, Gott! cantate, J. S. Bach; Overture de Concert, F. F. Fétis; *Het Woud*, poëme de Karel Versnaeyen, chœur final, Leo van Ghele; *De Oorlog*, poëme de Jan van Beers (1re et 2me partie), Peter Benoit.

Third Day (August 15).—Symphonie No. 3, C. L. Hanssens; *Jacoba van Beijeren*, poëme d'Emanuel Hiel, Jan van Den Eeden; Andante de la 2me Symphony, Chevalier Leon de Burbure; Introduction et chœur nuptial du 3me acte de l'Opera *Lohengrin*, Richard Wagner; Concerto pour piano, G. Huberti; *De Zege der Wapens*, poëme du Dr van Oye, H. Waelpuut.

* * L'orgue sort des ateliers A. Cavaillé-Coll à Paris.

[What a pity the Antwerp Festival should begin on the same day as the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth! And why does not the programme contain a single piece by Gevaert?—D. P.]

WAITING.*

(For Music.)

I stood at the gate in the twilight hush
Of a day that passed to rest;
I watched the red of the sunset's flush,
As it died in the golden west.
And I said, "Oh, where have the swallows flown,
And where has the summer fled?
Will neither whisper a word to me
Of my love at sea, my love at sea—
Is he alive or dead?"

I stood at the gate when the wind and rain
Were weeping and sighing alone;
I turned to the little bay again,
Where never a white sail shone.
And I cried, "Oh, where has the autumn gone,
And where have the wild birds fled?
Can no one whisper a word to me
Of my love at sea, my love at sea—
Is he alive or dead?"

I stand at the gate in the sweet night hush—
I listen and wait, alone;
But my cheek burns now with a scarlet flush,
And all my fears have flown.
And I say, "Oh, heart, be still—be still,
For my love comes from the sea;
And winter and summer may fade at will,
So he is back with me!"

RITA.

* Copyright.

BALFE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL.

The "Balfé Memorial Festival" at the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday, seems to have been successful both in doing honour to our late popular composer and in helping towards the raising of a fund for the establishment of a Balfé Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. There was, first, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, exclusively from Balfé's compositions, conducted by Sir Michael Costa. The concert began with the overture to his last dramatic work, *Il Talismano*, an Italian version of which was so successfully produced, in 1874, at Her Majesty's Opera, although it had been originally intended for the English stage. The overture, still in manuscript, and heard for the first time, may rank for tunefulness and spirit with some of the most effective orchestral preludes that came from the same untiring pen. A selection of vocal pieces, all from *Il Talismano*, including most of the favourite numbers, followed the overture—some to Italian, others to English words. In these, Mesdames Christine Nilsson and Marie Roze, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Maybrick took part. Madame Nilsson selected the prayer of Edith Plantagenet, "Placida notte," one of the most expressive, and the aria, "Nella viva trepidanza," one of the most showy pieces in the opera, to praise her singing of either of which would be superfluous. The accomplished songstress was also associated with Mr Edward Lloyd in the graceful duet where Edith tenders the ring to Sir Kenneth as a pledge of lasting affection ("Teco il serba come un pegno"), which, as seldom fails to be the case, created a lively impression, the duet being encored, and the last verse repeated. Mr Edward Lloyd's solo was the not less admired "Rose Song" ("Flow'ret, I kiss thee"), to which equal justice was rendered. To Madame Marie Roze fell the quaint romance, "La guerra appena terminata" (with chorus); and to Mr Maybrick the prayer before battle, "Monarch supreme," both being effective. The jovial chorus, "A Song to Merry England," and the inspiring "Crusaders' march," for orchestra and military bands, completed a selection so judiciously made out as to awaken a desire to hear *Il Talismano* once again entire. The second part of the concert included eight pieces, all more or less familiar. Miss Enriquez sang "The green trees whispered"—one of the best of the series of songs set to the poetry of Longfellow; Mr Maybrick introduced "The Light of Other Days" (*Maid of Artois*—Malibran's opera, directly following the *Siege of Rochelle*), the famous cornet-à-pistons *obligato* devolving on Mr Howard Reynolds; Madame Rose Hersee gave Stella's air, "My task is ended" (with chorus of Pirates), always one of the striking features of the *Enchantress*, an opera of which something more might be heard occasionally; Mr Edward Lloyd's choice was the ballad, "In this old chair," from the *Maid of Honour* (encored)—brought out at Drury Lane Theatre in 1847 by the late Jullien, with Mr Sims Reeves in the chief character; and the still popular trio, for Mrs Ford, Mrs Page, and Anne Page, from *Falstaff*, originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, was undertaken by Madame Nilsson, Madame Roze, and Miss Enriquez. This miscellaneous selection came to an end with the overture to the *Siege of Rochelle*, Balfé's first opera in England (1835), preceding his last, the *Talisman*, by all but thirty years. How much he wrote between the two, our musical readers need hardly be told.

The opera chosen for performance in the theatre was the most universally popular of all—*The Bohemian Girl*. When this was first given at Drury Lane Theatre—in 1843, under the not forgotten management of Mr Bunn—the leading parts were assigned to Miss Rainforth (Arline), Miss Betts (Queen of the Gipsies), Messrs W. Harrison, Borrani, and Stretton (Thaddeus, Count Arnheim, and Devilshoof). In place of these we now had Madame Rose Hersee, a more attractive Arline than whom could not be named; Miss Bessie Palmer, an excellent Gipsy Queen; Mr George Perren, whose Thaddeus has long been known and praised; Mr George Fox, to whose voice the music of Count Arnheim is thoroughly well suited; and Mr Henry Pope, who does all that can well be done with such a nondescript as Devilshoof. The less important parts of Florestein and Buda were competently sustained by Mr Hudson and Mrs Sharpe. The opera was heard with unmixed satisfaction, and those long-tried favourites, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" (Madame Hersee), "Love smiles but to deceive" (Miss Palmer), "The heart bowed down" (Mr Fox), and, last not least, "When other lips and other hearts" (Mr George Perren), were loudly encored, in each instance the last verse being

repeated. The performance for the most part was extremely good, Mr Weist Hill, conductor-in-general to the Alexandra Palace, presiding in the orchestra. Before the concert, and while the opera was going on, Mr Frederic Archer gave "recitals" on the great organ, which he handles with consummate skill, of pieces chosen exclusively from Balfé, no fewer than four of his operatic overtures—*The Bondman*, *The Puritan's Daughter*, *Joan of Arc*, and *The Maid of Artois*—being set down in the programmes, as also the march from *Catharine Grey*, with excerpts from *Blanche de Nevers* and the cantata, *Mazeppa*. The grand display of fireworks (by Mr J. Hodsman) comprised, among other set pieces, a design in commemoration of the hero of the day, presenting a lyre surrounded by flags and laurel leaves, with the name "Balfé" conspicuous in blazing capitals. Even after the pyrotechnic exhibition some more of his music was to be played on the organ by the indefatigable Mr Archer, the first piece put down being another operatic prelude—that to the opera of *Falstaff*. So that the admirers of Balfé's music had no reason to complain of sufficient honour not being paid to the memory of that favourite composer.

MUSIC, &c., AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. Froment has given "grand" operas at the theatre during the last month with great success. *Hamlet* has been played three times; *La Favorite*, *Le Trouvère*, *Lucie*, &c., &c., have also been favourably received, in spite of the hot weather. The ventilation of the Salle Monsigny is excellent throughout. On Tuesday the house was crammed to hear Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*, yet the theatre was not inconveniently warm. This opera (played for the first time at the Theatre de l'Académie Royale de Musique, Paris, on December 22nd, 1841) was put on the stage in a manner that left nothing to be desired; while the acting of Madame de Gérardon (Catarina Cornaro), M. Robert (Gérald de Coucy), M. Monfort (Andrea Cornaro), and M. Louvier (Jacques de Lusignan) was exceptionally good. The duet, "Salut, salut à cette belle France" (Act III.), between Gérard and Lusignan, created quite a *furor*. "Triste exilé sur la terre étrangère" was also well received, especially the last couplet, "Après toi, ma France si chère." Mlle de Gérardon confirmed the favourable opinion I had of her when last I heard her. She is more at home on the stage, and her impersonation of Pauline was good in every way. The "Gondolier dans sa pauvre nacelle" (Scene 2, Act II.) met with well-merited applause. The chorus left much to be desired. On Thursday there will be a comedy from the Gymnase and *La Fille du Régiment*. To-night Mlle Agar, supported by M. Gibeau, from the Français, and Mmes Brunet and Rebel and M. Rebel, from the Odéon, appeared in the one-act comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (Molière), and Corneille's *Polyeucte*.

The season here seems rather dull at present; people will not come, in spite of all the attractions of the "Queen of French watering-places." The boats arrive with very few passengers, and the cry is not, as it used to be: "Still they come." The fair begins on Saturday, and is to last a fortnight. A theatre at the same time has large posters (boasters) on all the outer walls of the high town, and an enormous circus is building close to the Hotel Christol, on the Quai, or rather, the Place Frederic Sauvage. Of the Etablissement des Bains I hear nothing but complaints from everyone. The skating-rink people have monopolised the entrance to the gardens, and the price of entrance to the building has been increased. A game of chance—"The Race"—recently imported, has been stopped by the police, and there are few subscribers this year. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 2.

MADRID.—During the recent operatic season at the Oriente, 21 operas and 164 performances have been given. Pozzani, Tamberlik, Stagno, Boccacini, and Ordinas are already engaged for next season.

LANOTTA.—Fifteen Cremona violins were lately sold by auction, some fetching high prices. Two by Stradivarius were knocked down for 6,000 francs each, while one by Giuseppe Guaranesco found a purchaser at 15,000 francs, a sum rarely given for a violin.

TRIESTE.—Signor Nicolò Bruno, architect of the Politeama at Genoa, has been commissioned to build a new theatre here. A capital of nearly 1,000,000 francs has been raised in shares. The edifice is to be flanked by spacious gardens, in which will stand kiosks, for restaurants and cafés.

MADAME ANNETTE ESSIPOFF.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Concluding, not without reason, that London amateurs must have had enough of pianoforte recitals this summer, Madame Essipoff was content to remind us, by a single performance, that it is necessary to take her into account when reckoning with contemporary artists of the highest rank. The audience who assembled to hear her in St James's Hall enjoyed an exhibition of accurate mechanism and refined taste that might well have drawn together a greater number. Madame Essipoff, who began in a highly artistic spirit with Beethoven's sonata, Op. 53, won hearty and unreserved approval by her performance of a selection from the works of Rubinstein, Schumann, Liszt, Bach, Rameau, Schubert, and Chopin, including also an arrangement of the minuet from Mozart's grand symphony in E flat. We are at a loss to imagine why Madame Essipoff brought forward the last-named, seeing that the repertory of the pianoforte is large enough in all conscience, and that the instrument, however well played, could not possibly do justice to Mozart's idea. Without entering into needless details respecting each piece, we may say that the amateurs present thoroughly enjoyed Madame Essipoff's refined and delicate execution, the charm of which was enhanced by a tone beautiful indeed in its softer gradations, and never unmusical in its loudest. Their pleasure, moreover, may have been all the greater through the force of a contrast drawn between the essentially masculine talent of which we were all talking not long ago and the more graceful and winning qualities distinctive of the Russian lady. It is the glory of music thus to receive a character, for the time being, from the artist's individuality. Madame Essipoff was applauded with warmth by her appreciative auditors, who will have a welcome for her whenever she chooses to come again. I have taken the liberty to remind you of this (unaccountably overlooked) occurrence, and am, sir, yours respectfully,

ARTHUR SIDE, M.D.

[If Dr Side will glance back, he will find that the occasion was by no means overlooked.—D. P.]

THE NEW YORK PRESS AT BAYREUTH.

(From the New York "Music Trade Review.")

America will not be unrepresented at Bayreuth. The *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, and *World*, of this city, will all have correspondents there, two of them at least sending special staff writers. The *Music Trade Review* will have an original special correspondence, too, written by one of the ablest musicians now in Europe. We may therefore reasonably expect that this unique and prodigious experiment in music will be correctly reported, if nothing more. There is, both in this country and in Europe, a widespread impression that Richard Wagner's lyric and dramatic claims will meet with a conclusive test in this series of representations. Certainly no more complete and thorough trial of a theory has ever been accorded to reformer. All the conditions are as favourable as a liberal patron and the personal supervision of Richard Wagner himself can make them. Indeed, so exceptional and extraordinary are these conditions, that one wonders how the complete success of the performances, which can only be given adequately with a royal exchequer, and which exact so much time and concentration of attention from the public, can benefit the world at large. To reproduce the *Ring of the Nibelungen* in London, New York, or Vienna, with anything like the same deliberation and fastidiousness, is an impossibility. We can, however, see that an ideal performance, if given but once, may be a valuable standard of excellence, and afford future generations of critics and feuilletonists something to write about. The most reasonable supposition is that the world, at the conclusion of the Bayreuth festival, will be equally divided on the question of its success. England will make elegant game of it, France will pronounce it tedious, and Germany will praise its transcendental incomprehensibility and lament its practical inefficacy. America, with more chivalry than knowledge, will rhapsodise over it, and the *Herald* will invite Wagner over to conduct the Gilmore Concerts. We who record the actualities of music, but have an eye to its possibilities, will await with some impatience the settlement of Messrs — and — of the following open questions:—

1. Is the labour of Richard Wagner in the direction of intellectuality or emotion? And how far is it possible to make music an intellectual exponent of ideas and feelings?

2. Is it possible to fuse three distinct forms of expression—namely, form, colour, and sound—in an homogeneous art-work, so that the manifestation will be a new one?

3. Does this eclecticism establish the creative power of the composer, or does it prove that his musical art needs all the aid that subsidiary arts can furnish? And, finally,

4. Is the representation of a myth, in which the public of to-day take very little interest, and which is opposed to the tastes and tendencies of our intense, real, and human conditions, capable of being redeemed to our somewhat impatient and eager senses by Herr Wagner's treatment of it?

These are some of the philosophical questions involved in Wagner's experiment. The merely technical excellence of his work will be investigated with acumen, knowledge, and impartiality, we have no doubt, when we look again at the names of the gentlemen who are making the pilgrimage to do it.

—o—
From the "Sunday Times," July 23rd.

EDWIN RANSFORD.

DIED JULY 11, 1876.

Thou shalt not sleep forgotten, though unstrung
The humble lyre by which thy worth is sung:—
Thou shalt not die, whilst Friendship yet can trace,
Through years gone by, thy genial, honest face;
Thy voice resounds to Memory's lingering ear,
And prompts, in turn, the rapture and the tear.

True! youthful hearts may ask when thou didst gain
Thy wide renown, and where thy battle-plain;
And e'en from listless operative stalls—
Declare thy name no mimic life recalls:
Content to hear, and hearing—to forget
Their voiced favourites lost without regret.
Better thy fortune—how much hast thou gained—
Through triumphs won in days when hope remained?

O Memory! bring to me the youthful time,
When, on the stage, his voice, like tuneful chime,
Swell'd the deep tones of choral majesty,
Or gaily sang the jovial melody.
Rockalda,—singing in the coral caves,
Rais'd his strong voice above the roaring waves.
Sailors and Kings his noble bearing own;
Nor lost, one moment, was the marvellous tone.
Old Andalusia's Castle, memory brings,—
Don Caesar—seeming all "The Wolf" he sings;
And, as responsive rising to my pen—
"On by the spur" he goads his daring men.
Gipsies and Chiefs loom in the distance dim,
And worthiest Gabriels "Safely follow him,"
Thence many a character—too oft to trace—
His voice and form gave dignity and grace.

"Oh! firm as oak" his gallant voice shall stand,
"The Sea" remember'd, nor forget "The Land,"
As old "Tom Tough" in jollity we hear,
"When the little ones were sickly"—claimed the tear.
And then how oft the mighty halls would ring
With laughter pealing from "The Gipsy King;"
So, through the range that memory supplies,
He lives again—and stands before our eyes.

But hark! with concord now in festive halls,
"Thy voice, O Harmony," the past recalls.
Hear the rapt singer join the inspiring lay—
"Are the white hours for ever fled" away?
"When winds breathe soft," we hear the æolian sound—
Again "Fair Flora decks the flowery ground,"
Now o'er his grave shall long in sorrow bend
Full many a one who truly call'd him friend.
"How should we mortals spend our hours,"
If life ne'er gave us by the wayside flowers?—
Flowers, such as yield their friendly odorous breath,
And seem to brighten e'en the road to death.

Ransford, farewell!—to memory thou art dear—
"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear;"
Pilgrims who seek thy grave—thy resting place,
In fancy hear thy voice and see thy face:
"Peace to the souls" of such as thee they pray,
And back to turmoil wend again their way.
Kind friends will hear "Winds gently whisper" round;—
Kind strangers, "Lightly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground."

THOMAS SMITH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR BONY.—Antimony, from *Antimoine*—because a friar first fattened frogs with it, and then poisoned monks. But that has no more to do with Palestina than with vivisection. Dr Bony is wrong about Amphion. He should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

SUNFLOWER.—No. There was an eighth son named Hugo, who fled to the Canaries, and composed a song called "Blue-bottle." Sunflower means Anacharsis, not Anastasius. It was Charles the First, not Charles the Second; Caracalla, not Domitian. *Nero*, not *Tiberius*, is the title of Herr Rubinstein's new opera.

MARRIAGE.

On the 27th inst., at St James's Church, Croydon, ROBERT SAMSON, R.A.M., to Miss FRANKLIN, of Selhurst.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1876.

Audi Alteram Partem.

A LETTER has appeared in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, under the heading "Doings at Bayreuth," which describes everything connected with the forthcoming Wagner-Stage-Play-Performances in rose colour. We subjoin a translation of this, as a sort of antidote to the furiously ironical diatribe recently transferred from another Berlin paper:—

"Bayreuth, June, 1876.



"When you are in the midst of the process by which a thing springs into life, it is not so easy to preserve the freedom of vision enabling you to discover the thing's actual pith, and bring it forth from beneath the outer rind of merely accidental elements. In attempting to offer a few hints concerning the upshot of the rehearsals of *Rheingold*, which were recently brought to a close, my principal aim is to inform persons at a distance what course was adopted by the Master, in order that his intentions might be completely realised. The material plan pursued at the rehearsals is as follows: as regards the orchestra, separate rehearsals are first held for the strings and wind respectively; these rehearsals are succeeded by a rehearsal for the entire orchestra. For the singers, there are stage rehearsals with pianoforte accompaniment, the accompaniment being executed by the eminent pianist, Joseph Rubinstein, on concert-grands, lent gratuitously by Herr Bösendorfer, pianoforte maker, Vienna. Not till each act has been gone through twice do singers and orchestra meet for a common rehearsal.

"It is evident from this arrangement how carefully all the preparations are made, and what measures are adopted to attain the desired goal without overtaxing the artists. The result of the rehearsals has eminently satisfied all expectations, so that even now one can confidently declare his conviction that the final issue will fully and completely carry out the Ideal floating before the mind of him who created the work—that something will have been achieved which will be utterly unrivalled in the whole history of modern art. Of the dramas constituting *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, it is, perhaps, most especially *Rheingold* which presents very peculiar difficulties to be surmounted, and tasks to be accomplished, such as have never been known before. This applies less to the execution of the vocal and instrumental portions than to what is represented on the stage, and to the plastic embodiment of the dramatic action. All the new problems arising in the former category have been solved in an eminently satisfactory manner. Such a degree of excellence has been reached that it never once strikes the spectator that he sees before him a mere fictitious world of beings

moved by mechanical apparatus—so thoroughly is he touched and delighted by the objects presented to him. In the scene which takes place at the bottom of the Rhine you fancy you see embodied before you a piece of fairy-poetry; in the realm of the Nibelungen, we believe we are really in the gloomy chasms of the earth, while the magnificent castle, the 'Wallhall,' which the Gods enter, after a thunderstorm represented with striking truthfulness, is encompassed by a mighty and brilliant light. The scenic surroundings are here all raised to absolute artistic importance. The scenery, designed, with the hand of a master, by Professor Hofmann, of Vienna, and carried out, with every attention to the slightest details, by the brothers Bruckner, of Coburg, produced even at the rehearsals, when all the necessary means of lighting the stage were not brought into play, the effect of actual nature on the spectators. During the changes of scenes ascending steam was employed with the best effect, the force of the steam being regulated at will by the engine. I must not forget to mention that two things held by many to be impracticable, namely: the enormously rapid manner in which Alberich clammers down, and the daughters of the Rhine going through their songs without any break in their swimming movements, proved perfectly successful. It may not be uninteresting for the reader to learn that the machinery which produces the swimming movements is guided by professional musicians most intimately acquainted with the work, so as to effect a perfect coincidence between the movements of the nymphs and the music in the orchestra. The merit of having brought the stage machinery to this pitch of perfection belongs to Herr Brandt, of Darmstadt, a master of his profession. The spectators were greatly surprised by the scene in which Alberich's horde of Nibelungen are introduced. Herr Fricke, ballet-master of Dessau, who directs the choreographic portion of the work, has been getting up this scene since the month of May, with the members of the *Turner-Verein* here, who have been secured as Nibelungen. His industry and talent have realised an admirable combination, showing that he possesses the skill of rendering all concerned so well acquainted with the purport of the events to be represented as to achieve a result of really irresistible dramatic force and animation. I may here subjoin a few slight indications of the genial fashion in which R. Wagner succeeds in raising the dramatic performance to the highest conceivable pitch of excellence. He proves himself a born dramatist—the chosen artist, destined to lead the German drama to its lofty goal. Though I previously often enjoyed an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Master's wonderful gift of vividly realising the stage-picture (in proof of my assertion I refer the reader simply to the model performances, at Munich, of *Tristan* in 1865, and to those of *Die Meistersinger*, in 1868), this faculty of his once more surprised and astonished me. *Rheingold* offers special difficulties, which all the previous theatrical experience in the world would not have been able to overcome. Every attempt to perform such a work would pass ineffectively and unimpressively were the movements and groupings of all the characters not so arranged as to produce an animated and plastically harmonious whole. Judging from the rehearsals already held, we may gladly and confidently assert that this will be thoroughly done at the performance itself. For every demand made upon him by the stage-picture, however unexpectedly that demand may arise from the exigency of the moment, the Master, with the true inspiration of genius, has always a happy suggestion, and is always able to invent a multiplicity of combinations which invariably captivate the eye. Yet, with all this, nothing is done for material reasons only; everything follows of necessity from the essential constitution of the story, and as a natural outcome of the character assigned to each personage. It is quite delightful, however, to see what zeal animates all the artists in their wish to realise every hint of the Master's, and to bring to perfection the respective tasks assigned to them in the framework of the whole. In conclusion, I will add a few words regarding the effect produced upon me by the orchestra at the general rehearsals. You may, perhaps, have heard an apprehension expressed lest it might not be possible to combine into one harmonious whole the numerous and varied artistic elements assembled here from North and South. After the result of the rehearsals, it may be asserted, without the slightest hesitation, that this combination has been effected in a way which has exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. I do not affirm too much when I say that such a grandiose and, at the same time,

artistically perfect orchestral accompaniment has scarcely ever been known. We have not here to do with the material heaping up of numerous elements, as, for instance, at most Musical Festivals, where the greatest masterpieces are given in the course of a few days—not, however, according to the intentions of their authors, but merely got through anyhow. On the contrary, in the present instance, the most careful study is bestowed even on the slightest detail, and upon this secure foundation the whole of the structure is reared. The largest amount of credit for this belongs to the conductor, Herr Hans Richter, Imperial Chapelmaster, of Vienna, a musician of rare practical ability, who, by long years of devoted study, has penetrated into the utmost depths of his task, which he has thoroughly mastered. At the head of the stringed orchestra stands the *Concertmeister*, Professor August Wilhelmj, who, on account of the boldness and unflinching certainty of his playing, may be styled the Siegfried of violinists. There are also many other prominent artists I could mention, and I hope, at some future time, to have an opportunity of doing so.—So much I must say: all the orchestras of Germany and Austria may look with pride upon the musicians who are now at Bayreuth, and who, so to speak, may be considered as their representatives, since the performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* will prove that the German people and the Austrians, their brothers by descent, possess in their orchestras an art institution worthy and capable of executing the highest things. I may likewise certify that the much-discussed plan, first introduced by Richard Wagner, of placing the orchestra low down, has turned out a perfect success. The result will be to idealise, in a degree of which no one had a presentiment, the effect of the sound, without robbing it of its penetrative power; the voice will never be drowned by the richest possible instrumental accompaniment, through which the singer will always be able to make himself heard without any strain upon his powers.—The orchestra itself is employed by the composer in a symphonic, I might almost say, *al fresco*, style, following, on a footing of equality, the incomparable masterworks of the same kind: Beethoven's Symphonies. It is not my intention now to enter upon any discussion of the æsthetic character of the work itself, but I may be allowed to remark that there breathes through *Rheingold* a natural freshness which, like exhilarating mountain air, produces an effect infusing animation into our whole being. It was this feeling which seemed to influence the members of the orchestra, when, at the conclusion of the first scene in *Rheingold*, and at the end of this first part of the work, they broke out, as though by an involuntary impulse, into enthusiastic cries of applause. Everyone who knows how rare such manifestations are with our musicians, and who is aware that we may regard them as an expression of the deepest emotion, will see in the fact, as I do, a fortunate omen for the success of the great artistic feat which will prove that German intellect is able to carry off the first prize in the domain of art as elsewhere."

Otto Reard.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC PRIZES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Would you kindly correct an error which occurred in your valuable paper of last week. In the list of prize-winners at the Royal Academy you put me down as the recipient of a bronze medal. As I do not attend the Royal Academy, it may create some confusion. The true recipient is Miss Maria Tate, no relation whatever of mine. Perhaps you could kindly state that Miss Maria Tate and Miss Emily Tate are two different persons, as this is not the first time that a misunderstanding has occurred through the similarity of the two names. Hoping I am not giving you much trouble,—I remain, dear Mr Editor, yours sincerely,
62, Fleming Road, Kennington, S.E.,
August 3, 1876. EMILY MARIE TATE.

BUENOS AYRES.—The Teatro Colon is already closed, and the members of the Italian Opera company are on their way home.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *Frankfort Gazette* publishes a piece of news which will create a sensation among musicologists and biblioplists. Since the suppression of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of St Blaze in the Black Forest people have talked of the existence of a subterranean passage, leading to a chamber with a massive vaulted roof. It appears that the entrance to this subterranean passage has recently been discovered. When the portions of the building which were burnt down were being repaired, a scaffolding pole that the workmen were driving into the ground came in contact with a stone staircase of eleven steps, which conducted to a doorway that had been built up. Now this condemned doorway is said to give access to the famous vaulted chamber containing, presumably, the archives of the abbey. "It is possible," says the *Frankfort Gazette*, "that, among these archives, we may discover fresh biographical riches, which will overwhelm with joy the musicologists of all countries." It is, indeed, probable that, if the discovery is a fact and the vaulted chambers no myth, we shall find the remains of the precious collection of manuscripts formed by the Abbot of the monastery, the laborious and learned Gerbert. That indefatigable musicologist published, as we know, three volumes of *Scriptores ecclesiastici de Musica sacra*. But this collection, respectable as it is, is far from comprehending all the works on music which were collected by the Abbot Gerbert, during his journey through Germany, France, and Italy, from 1759 to 1765, and the principal results of which journey he registered in his *Iter alemannicum, italicum, et gallicum*. We may, therefore, if the news published in the *Frankfort Gazette* is confirmed, expect to find treasures of erudition which were believed to be lost. Let us hope they will be sufficiently valuable to inspire some Latinising musicologist with a desire to continue the work of Gerbert and Coussemaker.



Up to the present time *Aida* has been performed in the following towns of Italy:—Milan, Turin, Florence, Trieste, Naples, Perugia, Parma, Padua, Ancona, Mantua, Rome, Ferrara, Brescia, Genoa, Pisa, Ravenna, and Venice. In other countries it has been played at Berlin, Vienna, London, St Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Madrid, Barcelona, Paris, Pesth, Augsburg, Carlsruhe, Brunswick, Chemnitz, Darmstadt, Cologne, Mayence, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Wiesbaden, Hamburg, Prague, Schwerin, New York, Boston, and Buenos Ayres. We may also add Cairo. Ought not the Khedive of Egypt to be allowed something on account of *Aida*?

THE *Guide Musical* has discovered in a book entitled *Tongres et ses Monuments*, by M. Perreau, some curious facts relating to the bellringer and clockmaker of the town. M. Perreau writes as follows:—

"By a resolution of the 1st September, 1587, the town council engaged Philip Inecet, of Lille, as bellringer. It was his duty to play the chimes for an hour every Sunday, Thursday, and other day indicated by the burgomasters. He received an annual stipend of fifty florins, twelve measures of rye, and two pairs of shoes. The town clock-maker received as annual stipend of two muids of rye, a pair of shoes, a pair of gloves, and a wax candle at Candlemas." ["These are curious facts and worth recording."—D. P.]

THE Commune of Vergnies, near Beaumont, is about to erect a monument in memory of the most illustrious of its sons, François Joseph Gossé, called Gossec, who lived at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The monument will consist of a public fountain, surmounted by a bronze bust of the composer. The execution of the monument has been confided to M. Snys, architect to the King of the Belgians. François Joseph Gossé was born at Vergnies on the 17th January, 1733. The house in which he first saw the light is still standing. He died at Passy, near Paris, in 1829, aged ninety-six.—[Passy is also standing.—D.P.]

RICHARD WAGNER is a notorious republican, witness his deeds in 1848; and yet among those about to attend the performances of *Rheingold* and the *Nibelungen*, at Bayreuth, are the Emperor of Germany, the King of Bavaria, three Grand Dukes, three Dukes,

three Princes, &c.—to speak of his native country alone. There is nothing like perseverance; and that Wagner has been "pegging away" without stint, for a quarter of a century and more, can hardly be denied.

MR SIMS REEVES has gone to Italy with his son, Mr Bertie Reeves, a promising tenor, whom our great singer wishes to initiate into the music of the sunny south, as he was initiated himself some thirty years ago. A second Sims Reeves would be a boon indeed; but we would rather not speculate upon it until we have lost those whom we still happily possess. Letters from Milan inform us that the celebrated Professor Mazzucato has given a highly favourable opinion of the qualifications of Mr Bertie Reeves.

THE Promenade Concerts, under the management of Messrs Gatti, are to be resumed this evening at Covent Garden Theatre. M. Henri Ketten is engaged as pianist; among the singers are Mdles Bianchi and Rossavella, of the Royal Italian Opera; and Sig. Arditì will again be conductor. Sig. Arditì might with advantage re-consult that extraordinary, nay, almost impossible, programme which he once drew up when director of the Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. Instead of a "Selection" from *Lohengrin*, he might also more completely satisfy the curiosity of the hour by a "Selection" from the *Nibelungenring*, about to be performed at Bayreuth, which just now engrosses the almost exclusive attention of musical circles.

THE LATE MR T. M. MUDIE.

(From the "Graphic.")

The death of Mr Thomas M. Mudie, which happened but recently, deprives us of another of those solid "Academicians" who, it is sad to think, would have won honour and distinction in any other country than our own. Mr Mudie was one of the foundation scholars in our Royal Academy of Music, and early distinguished himself, as the most promising pupil of Dr Crotch, who held him in high and deserved esteem. He composed orchestral symphonies, and, among them, three in B flat, F, and D, that might have been signed "Haydn," with no one to doubt their authenticity. He also wrote a great many instrumental compositions for the chamber of distinguished merit, besides songs and vocal pieces in all styles, that deserve to live. The major part of Mr Mudie's compositions only exist in MS.; but their publication, even now, would materially add to the treasures of English art. Among men of real but unacknowledged genius, Thomas Molleson Mudie must certainly be reckoned.

NOTHING definitive has been settled respecting the Emperor Wilhelm's return from Gastein to Berlin, as his Majesty may possibly proceed, on the 13th August, from Regensburg to Bayreuth, for the purpose of attending the Wagnerian performances at the latter place.—*Regensburger Tagblatt*.

FROM BAYREUTH (extract from a private letter, dated July 19).—
"Yesterday the second act of *Die Walküre* was rehearsed at the Wagner Theatre. In the first place, an indescribably wonderful impression was produced by the scenery, representing a rugged mountain range, through which a wide ravine affords a view of the fairy-like landscape beyond. During the act, the bright day gradually changes to dark night, which at the close is illuminated only by lightning. Herr Betz (Wotan) acquitted himself in so masterly a manner that, after the great scene, Wagner stopped the rehearsal to express his thanks, embracing and kissing Herr Betz repeatedly. Herr Niemann (Siegfried), also, was again overwhelmed with praise by the master. As Brünnhilde, Madame Materna distinguished herself by her intellectual conception and vocally powerful rendering of the character. Madame Grün was Fricka, and Mdle Schefzky, Sieglinde. Grane, moreover, the Walkyre's steed, played his part very well, springing lightly, with the armour-clad goddess of battles on his back, down the steep rocks. He is one of the mountain horses belonging to his Majesty, the King of Bavaria. His Majesty has notified that he may possibly arrive at the end of next week. He will, we may presume, desire to be alone when witnessing the rehearsals, so that admission into the theatre, a privilege granted even now to very few persons, will be entirely stopped."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS EDWARDS gave an *après-midi musicale*, by invitation, at her residence, 100, Ebury Street, on Tuesday, July 18th, which was attended by a large and fashionable assembly. In addition to her own finished rendering, and that of the talented artists who assisted her (Mdme Marie Belval, M. Leonce Valdec, &c.), of various instrumental and vocal pieces, the pianoforte performance of a young lady—Miss Ethel Sharp, a pupil of Miss Edwards—elicited the warmest admiration. The finished execution by this young lady of Chopin's Grande Polonaise in A flat (played from memory) merits especial praise. Signor Campana presided at the pianoforte.—A. B.

MR G. W. HAMMOND's pianoforte recital took place at St James's Hall on Friday, July 7. We subjoin the programme, which—our readers, we doubt not, will find most interesting. Mr Hammond's patrons and friends evidently enjoyed all they heard, and on several occasions warmly applauded the talented artist. Preludes and Fugues, Nos. 2 and 5, Bach (1685—1750), Passacaille, from 7th Suite, Handel (1685—1759), Sonata in A, Scarlatti (1683—1757), Minuet in A minor, Lully (1633—1687), Gavotte with variations, Rameau (1683—1764) (Mr G. W. Hammond); Solo violin, "Romance in G," Beethoven (Mr Henry Holmes); Fantasia in F sharp minor, Op. 58, Mendelssohn (Mr G. W. Hammond); Song, "Though clouds by tempests," Weber (Miss Julia Wigan); Vier Melodien, "Das Mütterchen am Spinnrad," "Unruhe Nacht," "Murmeln am Bache," and "In die Ferne," W. H. Holmes (Mr G. W. Hammond); Song, "The Seaman's Farewell to his Child," Rosetta O'Leary-Vinning (Miss Annie Butterworth); Duet (MS.), for two pianofortes, "When Spring unlocks the flower to paint the laughing soil," Otto Goldschmidt (Mr W. H. Holmes and Mr G. W. Hammond); Trio in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Schubert (Mr G. W. Hammond, Mr Henry Holmes, and Herr Lütgen); Song, "Ho! broadsword and spear," Brahms (Mr Frank Holmes); Solo, violoncello, "Adieu," H. Lütgen (Herr H. Lütgen); Memento, Polish Melody (transcription), and Air from *Pré aux Clercs* (transcription), G. W. Hammond (Mr G. W. Hammond). Mr Arthur O'Leary accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

MDME LOUISE GAGE, at her evening concert in Langham Hall, on Tuesday, July 18th, was assisted by Miss Vernon, Signora Bonetti and Rotoli, as vocalists, and as instrumentalists by Mdle de Bono (violin), Signor Braga (violoncello), and Madame Grimaldi (pianoforte). Madame Louise Gage made a highly favourable impression on her audience by the artistic way in which she gave an "Ave Maria," by Luzzi, and Donizetti's "L'Addio" (with Signor Bonetti). Madame Gage also showed her musical ability in singing (with Miss Vernon, Signors Rotoli and Bonetti) a quartet from Flotow's *Martha*, Signor Rotoli's "Taci o campana" (The Funeral Bell), and the late M. Gottschalk's song, "A Loving Heart," in which she had the able co-operation of Signor Braga, who played the violoncello *obligato* part. Miss Vernon was warmly applauded after singing "Let me dream again" (Sullivan) and the grand *scena* from *Norma* ("Casta diva"). Madame Grimaldi, the Italian "classical" pianist, played a variety of pieces by Bach, Handel, Gluck, and Scarlatti, with a "giga" by Zipoli (A.D. 1680), and was most warmly applauded. Mdle de Bono and Signor Braga contributed solos on the violin and violoncello, the two artists joining together in an arrangement as a duet for violin and violoncello of Rossini's "Mira la bianca luna." At the conclusion of her last song a handsome "corbeille" of flowers was presented to Madame Gage. By-the-bye, we must not forget to mention a charming duet from Signor Pinsuti's new opera, *Il Mercante di Venezia*, charmingly sung by Miss Vernon and Signor Rotoli. The accompanists of the vocal music were Signors Campana, Pinsuti, Rotoli, and Bonetti.

ENIGMA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Explain this enigma, please: "*Rink's*" Preludes=*Paying for admission*. (The point escapes us.—D. P.)

DORTMUND.

(From a Correspondent.)

The prize "Bismarck Hymn," words by Rudolf Gottschalk, music by Carl Rheinthal, was recently performed, under the direction of its composer, in this town, where the first idea of it was started. The solo air for baritone and that for tenor were encored. The composer was nearly overwhelmed by the marks of approbation showered on him in the shape of applause from the audience, laurel wreaths from the fair members of the chorus, and a flourish from the band. The proceeds of the concert were handed to the Society for Saving Life from Shipwreck.

THE TOWN OF HANS SACHS.

(From the Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph.")

Nuremberg, July 25.

A journey, the object of which is Bayreuth, what time Wagner exhibits the "Art Work of the Future" in his *Nibelungen* trilogy, cannot do better than have Nuremberg for its first stage. We are told that the Festival Play in the little town over yonder is to be not only the apotheosis of an essentially German musician and poet, but the inauguration of a new art-era for Fatherland; Germany, through it, becoming the happy possessor of a music drama the ownership of which none could dispute, if any were inclined to try. As a preparation for this event a foreigner should Teutonise himself somewhat. He cannot be expected, unless he do so, to get into sympathy with the occasion. What, to such an unprepared one, is the *Nibelungen* legend but a grotesque old story, on a par with the veracious chronicles of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and not far above the history of Jack the Giant Killer? In his case, small indeed is the power of recognising that at least one form of national art should rest upon myths and fables, however childish or absurd, or of discerning that, if you only look at these things through proper spectacles, they are seen to have a wonderful and subtle power of regenerating the human mind. To appreciate what is coming at Bayreuth, therefore, one must breathe the atmosphere of German art, but not, be it well understood, the art of modern Germany. Though Wagner may succeed in laying a foundation for the future, he himself, and his method of working, belong to the far past. In some respects he brings to mind the stout old heroes of whom the city in which I write numbers so many sons. True, they were content to labour silently, for the love of what they did, and for the glory of Him who is the giver of all good gifts; whereas Wagner resembles the familiar bird which cannot lay an egg without making a "communication to its friends" and the world in general about the fact. But, noisy self-assertion apart, the author of the *Nibelungen* has a good deal of the antique German spirit in him. That he lives and moves among German traditions everybody knows; while, with regard to his latest music, one may look upon it as analogous to the creations, half-grotesque, half-heroic, of Gothic fancy. With all this in mind, I cannot help thinking that Wagner should have chosen Nuremberg for his festival. It may be objected that the old town is now chiefly associated with so-called Dutch toys and bad blacklead pencils; but the Nuremberg of the present matters not. Enough that here we have the birthplace and nursery of much that is best in German art; that the history of this whilom free city is a record to be looked upon by every Teuton with pride, and that Wagner himself has made Nuremberg the scene of the only opera in which he illustrates the peculiarly cumbrous mental exercise resulting in German humour.

There is a fine flavour of the Middle Ages about Nuremberg. The nineteenth century beleaguers the place, it is true, screaming at it with railway whistles from outside the town ditch, and mocking its antique grandeur with very modern suburbs. But the old place, serene within encircling walls and embattled towers, looks calmly on. The nineteenth century has small chance inside. You leave it at the gateway as a Mohammedan worshipper puts off his slippers in the porch, nor does it much signify that the people about the streets wear a garb belonging to the present day. The "local colour" is too strong for any such evidence that we are not exactly in the fifteenth century; chimney-pot hats are overshadowed by the gables upon which the eyes of Albert Durer lovingly rested, and quaint old Gothic saints and devils extinguish the cut-away coat. What is equally to the purpose, Nuremberg preserves its antique air of repose. The hurry and bustle of a modern city would not do for it at all—cannot live there, in point of fact; so along the streets such carriages as the needs of the place require serenely move, varied now and then by a cart which a couple of bullocks have placidly agreed to draw on condition of choosing their own pace. But this, and much more like it, is a matter of course. Every scene has its peculiar influence, and Nuremberg, with magic power, puts the time-piece of the Ages back a few hundred years in the feeling of, at all events, the stranger within its gates. The stout old burghers, whose enterprise made "Nuremberg's hand go through every land," still walk the streets, visible to the eye of the dullest fancy. Albert Durer is yet busy at his easel in the house near the Thiergarten Thor up yonder; Adam Kraft is labouring at his reliefs for the Stations of the Cross, ordered by pious Martin Ketzel, who has journeyed to the Holy Land and brought back the exact distances; while Peter Vischer, with his five sons, working, as he himself said, "for the praise of God Almighty alone and the honour of St. Sebaldus, Prince of Heaven," have just completed the wondrous shrine before which every pilgrim bows, in reverent admiration of patient toil and masterful art. These men, and such as they—Veit Stoss, Wohlge-muth, Hirschvogel—are the actual citizens of Nuremberg. You

cannot get away from them. On Durer's tomb in St John's church-yard they have written "Emigravit," and Longfellow has said:—

"Emigravit" is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:
Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies."

Both the inscription and the poet are wrong. The old Nuremberg masters are as really present here as ever they were, so true is it that an artist's work is the best and most essential part of him. What grand old fellows they are! how earnest and thorough! how childlike, yet how heroic! In fancy, what a mixture of the grotesque and the noble, and in all things how real, never averse from calling a spade a spade! There is a picture in St. Sebald's Church, by some unknown hand of, it is said, the twelfth century, which perhaps best illustrates this strange commingling. It is a Crucifixion, and the noble, patient, suffering face of the victim brings tears to the eyes, at the same time that the horrible truth of the whole inclines one to turn away in disgust and pain. Although the painter could give us that face, he knew nothing of idealising his subject, and as a natural result we have the blood-stained body, anguish-torn, the muscles of the poor arms standing out like cords, while along the hollows thus made a red stream flows from the pierced hands. A few yards away stands the Vischer shrine, to illustrate the fancy which these strong workers cultivated along with their realism. That the whole masterpiece of metal rests upon snails, above which are dolphins, above which are the twelve Apostles, with an infant Christ on the top of all, excites no surprise; but the artist has thrown in a multitude of little winged boys, cherubs or cupids, engaged in various ways, more or less inappropriate. One has injured his toe, and contemplates it ruefully; another weeps for an apple which a third has snatched; and everywhere the funny youngsters exhibit a want of reverence for the saintly relics behind them such as moves the gravest to laughter. But Nuremberg artists could be grimly as well as sportively humorous. Over a church porch there is a representation of the Last Judgment, which includes a procession of ecclesiastics moving complacently towards heaven, while certain Jews, Turks, and infidels are being dragged the other way by a powerful and highly elate demon, who has wound a chain round the whole of them. Such things are common, but not so the touch-of satire is it?—shown where the last of the saved answers the piteous appeal of the rearmost lost one with a vigorous push in the direction of the "pit." So through the whole range of Nuremberg art is discernible the odd quips and cranks of Gothic fancy, in union with Gothic strength and grandeur. Was I not right, therefore, in saying that this wonderful old city is a good preparative for the cognate phenomena promised us at Bayreuth?

But, amid a crowd of claims upon his attention, the musical visitor is not likely to forget that Nuremberg is the city of Hans Sachs—the home, if not the birthplace, of the Master-singers. How that remarkable guild arose from the ruins of the Minnesang practised by the noble and courtly poets of an earlier time, no man knows. But all traditions ascribe its origin, in great measure, to the popular as distinct from the patrician genius of the twelve Master-singers said to have arisen in the thirteenth century, one being a glass-blower, another a smith, another a fisherman, and another a rope-maker. Whatever the facts of earlier times, it is certain that the guild was incorporated by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1387, and that from the parent school at Mayence branches spread all over Germany. Of these the last to perish had its seat in Nuremberg, where the influence of Sachs' fame and works made a good fight against time and change. Nuremberg is thus, in more than one respect, closely associated with the Master-singers; and the church in which they met as late as the year 1770 may claim to have been their special temple. As regards their influence upon German art, much cannot be said. Like most guilds of the kind, they elevated the form above the spirit, loaded the practice of their craft with cumbersome and senseless rules, and so degraded it that a mere capacity of imitation sufficed to meet the requirements of membership. One cannot resist a smile at the spectacle presented by the Nuremberg church with the Master-singers in council. A low platform, enclosed by curtains, served for the functionary who marked the faults of the candidates; on the benches surrounding it sat the Masters solemnly critical; and in a place apart stood the aspirant, whose observance of rhyme and rattle, rather than whose poetic spirit, gave occasion for judgment. Generally, indeed, the measure and melody had to be approved before the "poet" was allowed to write a line, so complete was the bondage imposed by the guild rules. Thirty-three faults were allowed at Nuremberg; whoever exceeded that number failing to pass the ordeal, all others winning a Master's seat. In the "Freisingen," which must have been by far the more interesting exercise, all were allowed to join, provided the themes were based upon Holy Writ or "true and honourable profane mundane events, together with good moral maxims." That the institution kept alive a certain spirit of culture by such practices is, no doubt, true; but

its influence over the masses—who had their own song, from which German poetry, as we know it, arose—could never have been great. Hans Sachs, it is true, was a power; not, however, because he held high rank among the Master-singers. The racy, homely utterances of the cobbler poet reached the hearts of the people by the shortest route, and would have done so in any case, for he was an artist born, with a mission which he discharged with the instinct of genius first, and only in the second place with reference to rule and order. Thanks to this, Hans Sachs makes the most considerable figure among the Master-singers, shedding upon his guild a glory of which it has none too much. In return, Nuremberg is proud of Hans Sachs—not, however, to the extent of purchasing his house and consecrating it to his memory. A wine merchant lives on the spot where the poet hammered his leather and composed his songs; but the street is named after him, which is something, and the house-front bears aloft a portrait of the staunch old hero. Thither go visitors from every land; some mayhap, as myself, afterwards following the route by which they bore his body along the Via Dolorosa of Adam Krafft, past the Calvary, and so to the Golgotha, where it now rests. Sachs lies among a crowd of the old patrician burghers, whose massive monuments are covered with heraldic insignia and pompous epitaphs, executed in iron-work such as might have come from the foundry of Vischer. But the poet's grave is not thus marked. He had no coat-of-arms, and was entitled to quarter nothing that a herald's college would recognise. The visitor, nevertheless, turns his back upon the Nuremberg nobility with all their *post-mortem* grandeur, and has eyes only for the grave of the poor cobbler. So, in the long run, is Wisdom justified of her children.

Upon the whole town rests the glamour of that which we fondly regard as an heroic age; but should there be in this any sort of danger to the enthusiastic visitor, let him go to a certain tower on the town wall, and contemplate the choice assortment of articles thought necessary to Middle Age government. The Iron Virgin will be enough to set matters right. Nuremberg, true to its traditions, had a grimly humorous way of adjusting its disputes with troublesome people. The Virgin took them to her embrace and a few minutes later dropped them into oblivion through a convenient trap-door. Nuremberg preserves the Virgin (not for use), and also certain full-flavoured smells, the tendency of which is to reconcile even *laudatores temporis acti* to the prosaic character of modern civilisation.

THE EXAMINATIONS AT THE CONSERVATOIRE.

(From the "Globe," July 27.)

Paris, Wednesday.

The public examinations at the Conservatoire de Musique have just commenced. Great interest is taken in the examinations by the public in general, and, as may be imagined, more particularly by those learned in matters of music who are anxious to be among the first to hear and appreciate the fresh voices of the new singers, whose success will secure them an engagement. Musical education is given gratuitously to the aspirants to lyric honours, pupils being admitted to the Conservatoire after undergoing a preliminary examination showing their aptitude for the career they are about to choose. Many a voice, however, which promises much, breaks down under training, or never rises beyond that hopeless pitch of mediocrity which has given birth to *opéra-bouffe*, where plastic advantages and an equivocal pantomime have usurped the place of genuine music correctly interpreted in time and with taste. The professors at the Conservatoire have struggled manfully to maintain a high standard of art, but the public does not care for classic music; the *Maestro* Offenbach holds the helm, and while the theatres where *opérettes* are played fill to the very ceiling, an oratorio is performed before empty benches [M. Lamoureux will say "No" to that.—D.P.] presenting about the same attraction as the Dead March in *Saul*, notwithstanding the dramatic pantomime the despairing soloists have introduced into sacred music.

The day for the examination of the pupils at the Conservatoire is an important event. Our "lyric stars" in *embryo* are not born in the purple, although many of them in days gone by, and even in our time, have by marriage made their way into aristocratic circles, while some of them, owing to reverses and family misfortunes, although reduced to seek a living on the stage, could, if they wished, produce proofs of the aristocracy of their birth. Those magnificent horses which Judic, Croizette, and Baron ride; the splendid victorias which convey our lyric and dramatic celebrities round the lake in the Bois de Boulogne during the season; the priceless diamonds exhibited on the stage; the triumphs of the *Grande Duchesse* and *Madame Angot*: all these have excited the envy of girls whose mothers, as sanguine as themselves, look only on the bright side of the picture, and dream that their children are destined to eclipse every one and every-

thing. Melanie, daughter of the *concierge*, born and brought up in a narrow den, amid the fumes of *pot-au-feu* and garlic, or of the stew continually bubbling and steaming on the iron stove, which appears to consume every vital principle the atmosphere should contain, has, according to her father, an aptitude for music. She can sing the principal airs from *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Juive*, since the organ man, who pays her father a weekly stipend for permission to annoy people in the house by grinding out these different airs, placing a high price on his silence, has instilled them into her young memory. A friend of the family has no difficulty in persuading the fond parents that their child has a wonderful talent for music. Broom, feather, brush, and needle are taken from Melanie's hands; she is treated like a lady, being waited on by her father and mother, who see in the far distance a magnificent hotel in the Champs Elysées, servants, carriages, &c., and a crowd of admirers addressing Melanie as "Madame la Marquise."

The small shopkeeper also looks on the Conservatoire and the stage as a means of enabling him and his children to rise from their mean estate. He, like the *concierge*, will economise and deny himself even the necessities of life to give a musical education to his daughter, whose mother is at once released from all household duties, and entrusted with the sole care of her child. As soon as the girl is old enough her mother takes her to the gallery of the *Opéra-Comique* once or twice a week; a professor is engaged to prepare her for her examinations; and when she is admitted as a pupil to the Conservatoire the fatted calf is slain and high revels are held for a week or ten days. Mademoiselle's throat has become a gold mine, and must be taken care of. The slightest cough or huskiness strikes terror into the hearts of the parents, whose excessive fears often lead them to bring about indirectly what they desire most to avoid, by calling in one of those quack doctors, whose thousand and one cures for maladies of the throat (which they themselves invent) have ruined many and many a good clear voice. The girl, after being admitted to the Conservatoire, attends the classes of harmony, &c., carefully, and takes private lessons of one of the professors of singing, who fancies that something can be done for her, and in whom she and her mother have implicit confidence, since he has promised to prepare her for her successful *début*. The mother never leaves her daughter except when she is actually having her lesson. She has to ward off the gallants, and, like a careful old hen, she walks along behind her daughter up the Rue Bergère, on her way to and from the Conservatoire, cluck-clucking proudly, as if to call attention to her chicken, to be recognised by the roll of music under her arm, but ready to defend her young one with umbrella-point and nails in case of need.

When the grand day arrives for the public examination of pupils who have gone through the different phases of musical education, the concert-room in the Conservatoire, notwithstanding the heat, is crowded to suffocation. Reserved seats are placed at the disposal of the different professors, who distribute them among their friends, while more than two-thirds of the seats are occupied by the mothers, relatives, and friends of those who are about to appear in public to confront the verdict of the critical jury, and run the gauntlet of comments showered on them by their comrades who are aspiring to similar honours. The doors of the concert-room are thrown open at nine a.m., although the examinations do not commence before ten a.m.; but fully two hours before the time announced for opening a crowd, increasing each moment, is waiting outside in the street for admittance. Animated conversations are being carried on among the people waiting for admission, and when the doors are thrown open a rush is made to secure the best places. Reticules are opened, paper parcels are undone, and the audience commences to fortify itself against the suffocating heat by eating and drinking, to the disgust of the attendants, who declare that the empty bottles found on the floor when the hall is cleared does not compensate for the multitude of bones which have to be gathered up. Notes are being exchanged, everybody appears to know everybody; for all these ladies, with their nodding plumes, velvet mantles, and imitation cashmere shawls—the latter worn only on highdays and holidays—have met each other regularly every day for the past year or so on their way to and from the Conservatoire. An amateur *claque* is organised to encourage the timid *débutante* by applause and guide the jury in its decisions. Compacts are made in which mutual applause is promised, and the disinterested spectators are canvassed in favour of those who are about to compete for the first prize. While mothers are arousing the sympathy of their own sex among the audience, fathers are on the alert for journalists who write musical criticisms in the papers, whose verdict will either make or mar the reputation of the singer. Promises are extorted on all sides, and each *débutante* is described by the parents and friends as a Grisi, an Alboni, or a Patti. Punctually M. Ambroise Thomas, president of the jury,

accompanied by MM. Charles Gounod, Bazin, Jules Cohen, Wekerlin, Gaillard, and Sausay, made their appearance, and a shrivelled-up old man, said to be the stage-manager, announced that M. Maire, a tenor, was about to appear. The examination was for male and female voices, and by a strange want of gallantry the men were to appear first. M. Maire sang the air, "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Juan*, very sweetly, but with a thin small voice and an amount of sentimentality which brought down the female portion of the audience; M. Furst, another aspirant, was deservedly applauded for the very creditable manner in which he sang "O Paradis sorti de l'onde" from the fourth act of *L'Africaine*; M. Queulain sang with exquisite taste and great dramatic power a *morceau* from *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'été*, by Ambroise Thomas, and these three gentlemen were each declared by the jury to have gained a first prize. There were plenty of other competitors, some of whom broke down most ignobly, and all of whom showed an utter disregard for time, sacrificing it to what they perhaps considered dramatic effect. One gentleman appeared in a most voluminous shirt collar, which made his head look like a bouquet covered up with a paper frill. Another appeared to have swallowed an oboe, for it took him an hour to sing a piece which, if sung in time, could have been got through in about thirty-five minutes; while one competitor appeared to be qualified for teaching singing to the deaf, by the manner in which he deafened all those who could hear by bellowing out, "Rachel quand du Seigneur," from *La Juive*. The second part of the concert was, perhaps, most interesting, since it was composed of the young *debutantes* whose friends had mustered so strongly to give them courage and encouragement. Magnificently dressed, they passed one by one before the critical jury, paling even under the rouge at the sight of so many eyes fixed on them, and most of them exhibiting unmistakable signs of nervousness, which may, perhaps, excuse the tendency so many of them showed to sing flat. First prizes were awarded to Mlle Lafont, who managed a powerful and sonorous voice with profound skill and accuracy in a *morceau* from the *Prophète*; and to Mlle Bilange, who may be considered as a rival to Madame Miolan-Carvalho, from the splendid manner in which she executed the Jewel Song from *Faust*. Mlle Richard only obtained an honourable mention (*premier accessit*); her appearance was rather premature; she is only eighteen years of age, and, although possessing a remarkably fine contralto voice, her notes are not very clear; she affects too much the chest register, and verges on ventriloquism at times. She has plenty of talent; her words are distinct; and all the musical critics present felt sorry she had not waited another year before coming forward. In the female voices there were head, throat, and chest singers, but the blendings and transitions were very defective, jarring on the ear as the voice seemed to hop from one to the other.

When the results of the public trial were announced some applause was heard, as the majority felt how correct the verdict was. Those who had thought their geese were swans expressed their disappointment at the want of discrimination shown by the authorities. Consolation was offered the unfortunate parents. Mamma in her indignation loudly asserted that her daughter possessed more talent than the successful candidates, and declared jealousy had prevented justice being done her child, whose voice was unequalled, whose talent could not be surpassed; while dark hints were thrown out as to the reasons why such and such a young lady had not been able to secure the support of the professors; and mothers declared that not even a hearing would be given to the *Rosière* of Nanterre. Of course the Operahouse, and even the Opéra-Comique, cannot be thought of by the unsuccessful candidates, who must try and find an engagement in the provinces, studying hard, and trying to remedy the vocal defects which have marred their success. Others will go into the *cafés-chantants*, their voices proof against tobacco smoke, until the vocal chords are thickened, and the ex-pupil of the Conservatoire may be found in a *boire-boire* or low *café* singing to the drinkers of *absinthe* and *petit-bleu*, esteeming herself fortunate that she has not to sing in the open air to the servants in the kitchen overlooking the court-yard. People in France seem by the manner in which they force musical education, becoming real voice "copers," to forget that singing is a gift, and that, however correct the ear or great the taste, no one can sing successfully without a voice, which must, of course, in its turn be properly managed and cultivated.

FLORENCE.—The Teatro Nuovo will henceforth be known as the Teatro Cherubini; and the Teatro delle Logge as the Teatro Salvini.

WARSAW.—Signor Pasquale Borri has "composed" a new ballet, *Jotta, o Danza e Scultura*, to be produced during the visit of the Emperor of Russia.

GENOA.—The Politeama was announced to open on the 1st inst. for opera and ballet. Sig. Petrella's new *buffo* opera, *Diana*, will probably be given.

WAIFS.

Mr H. Jarrett has gone to Paris.

Sig. Randegger will attend the Bayreuth Festival.

Mr J. P. Goldberg has gone to Italy to pass his holidays with his sister, at her villa near Venice.

In consequence of a throat malady, Signor Nicolini is unable to fulfil his engagement to sing at Vichy.

M. Massenet, the rising young French composer, has been appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by a decree from the President of the Republic.

The post of organist to the Royal Aquarium (Westminster) is "in the market." Testimonials are to be forwarded to Mr George Mount on or before August 11.

Deasauer, the composer, who died very recently, has bequeathed the manuscript sketches of *Don Giovanni* and *Fidelio* (which were for many years in his possession) to the Mozarteum Institution at Salzburg.

Sir Michael Costa having, for reasons more than once explained on similar occasions, declined to conduct the performance of Mr Macfarren's oratorio, *The Ascension*, at the Birmingham Festival, his place will be filled by Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren, brother of the composer.

Mme Christine Nilsson left England for Stockholm on Monday. She has been in treaty with Madrid, and will not go to St Petersburg this winter, having to make a tour in Holland and Belgium under the auspices of Mr Ullmann. In the spring she has a concert engagement with Signor Merelli, for Vienna.

The Glasgow Festival is put off from next January to the ensuing autumn. Professor Macfarren's cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, intended for that Festival, is already completed. The committee of the Leeds Festival have also, we believe, commissioned our distinguished countryman to write a new work for their next meeting.

You will have, perhaps, heard before this that Madame Ilma di Murska, "the Hungarian nightingale," as the *affiches* dub her, has again united herself in matrimony. The fortunate husband this time is a Mr John Hill, a music-master in Melbourne. They were married last month at Dunedin. If practice makes perfect, Madame di Murska ought to make the most perfect of wives. Mr Hill appears as Signor Ilia.—*Correspondence of the "Globe."*

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The programme of attractions for the Bank Holiday *fête* on Monday next will surpass that of any former occasion. There will be a constant round of amusements from nine in the morning till ten at night; and every facility will be afforded to visitors for enjoyment, whatever the weather may happen to be. The bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, with six other military bands, will attend; and there will be entertainments in the theatre and concert-room and performances in Broekman's Circus during the day. Wrestling, boxing, and athletic sports, trotting and pony races, balloon ascent, firework display, and illumination of the Grove will combine to render the day thoroughly enjoyable.

Japan is at present enlivened by the presence of an embassy of Coreans. A Hong Kong paper of the 17th of June, mentioning their arrival at Yokohama, on the 29th of the previous month, describes them as "fine men, devoted to Confucianism, dirt, and the most distracting music." On the latter point the *Japan Gazette* adds that the instruments include two metal horns, each about four feet long; two large conch shells, three or four whistles, a pair of small cymbals, a *samien*—which we suppose to be Corean for banjo—two drums, and other things, forming a delectable combination to produce what the courteous *Gazette* calls "most discordant music."

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Last evening Mr Frederic H. Cowen visited Birmingham for the purpose of rehearsing his new cantata, *The Corsair*, composed expressly for the forthcoming Festival. He was present at the Midland Institute Theatre, and the whole of the choral portion of the work was gone through with evident satisfaction to the composer. We cannot express any opinion of the music at present, but, from what we have heard, there are several numbers which will make their mark. For instance, "The Chorus of Pirates" is exceedingly spirited and effective, and the "Prayer for Medora" (soprano), with vocal accompaniment, is highly dramatic and melodious. Some of the cadences are beautifully and delicately treated, and there is no doubt the cantata will afford the greatest pleasure to the listeners. On Monday next Sir Michael Costa will come down, to try over *The Holy Supper* of Herr Wagner.—*Birmingham Daily Mail*, July 25th.

Professor Macfarren's oratorio, *The Resurrection*, is finished, all but the overture.

Verdi is enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* at his estate near Busseto. His *Forza del Destino*, composed originally for St Petersburg, and brought out by Mr Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre some years ago, will be the first work produced by M. Léon Escudier in his forthcoming Italian opera season at the Théâtre Ventadour.

The Boston papers all admire Von Bülow's playing, but their descriptions of his manner are amusing. Thus the *Traveller* says:—"His face is lit up by a smile of marked beauty, a smile which speaks of happy currents of thought. An eager and devoted look is given to the face, also, by the parting of the lips." This is particularly noticeable at dinner. The *Transcript* says:—"The leaping of his hands into the air after passages requiring heavy blows, the swaying of his body, and the clutching of his chair were unconscious mannerisms; a kind of safety-valve for his wonderfully intense nervous vitality." The *Post* actually says that "so expressive are the movements of his body that it is no exaggeration to say that as much of the meaning of Chopin is derived through the sight as through the hearing of his performance." One of these movements was previously described as "lunging his whole body at a booming chord in the bass." To see him a mile away through a telescope would be, according to this criticism, quite as satisfactory and more economical than to hear him in the concert-room.—*New York Herald*.

NAPLES.—Another prodigy has been discovered in the person of Amalia Coppugi, aged nine, who "plays the piano as well as Thalberg."

BONN.—Herr Breidenstein, Professor of Music in the University here, died on the 24th July. He was not only a learned theorist, but a composer and organist of merit.

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